

Why

by grka

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Summary: Andrew has to witness something really TERRIBLE in his job as Angel of Death. Can he forgive the man who did kill his family?

Why

Hi,

>
My new story has a really hard theme and this is why I think I should PG-rate it to 13.

>I'm not sure about PG-rating but I hope it's OK this way ;-)

>Alright, what I wrote in my story happened few weeks ago, not far from here. I don't know if there were an angel with that family, but I hope it with my whole heart.

>A special BIG THANK YOU to my friend and Beta Reader Leigh. You do a really great (and hard - because of my english ;-)) job!!! :-))

>Disclaimer: I don't own Andrew and Adam. They both belong to Martha Williamson. I wish I would own Andrew ... but this is another story. lol
>I don't make any money with this. I only love to write stories and to day-dream about Andrew ;-)

>
Terri belongs to me. She is the girl from my first story "The Exam". She was afraid to fail her exam and tried to kill herself then. If you want to know more about her and how she got to know Andrew, you should read that story at first.

>
I hope you all enjoy this story. And I love comments.

>

>
Why

>
Terri skated on her Inliners through the park. She was still learning how to use them, but it was easier than she had expected it to be. She often fell, but that was okay. It didn't hurt.

>
It was now over 3 years ago that she had met her friend, the gentle and handsome Angel of Death, Andrew. There was no day when she hadn't thought of him, especially when she was alone and enjoying her life, like at this moment. It was still difficult for her to believe

that she had almost killed herself. She would be dead now if he hadn't shown up then. He had helped her through her hardest time and then he had to go. But Terri remembered that, one day, she would see him again. He had promised her.

>
In the last three years, her life changed completely. After she finished school, she soon found a good job that she really loved. Terri worked with an organization that tried to help people that have different kinds of problems. It was something like a "crisis center".

>Her work included talking with teens who had trouble and sometimes helping adults who felt alone and abandoned by everyone. But the organization also had the task of going to the hospitals and hospices and talking with people who had a fatal illness. That was the part that Terri loved the most. Somehow it was like helping her friend, Andrew. Most of the people she met there were afraid of dying, afraid of the unknown. When Terri started to talk with them, she told them that there would be a beautiful, loving angel waiting for them to bring them home. She told them what Andrew told her about God, heaven, and death. When she did it the first time, she didn't expect that anyone would believe her, but to her surprise the most of the people did. . She also told them about her story, that she had met one of God's Angels of Death and that they really aren't like everybody thinks. She could see in the eyes of most people, also their families, that it helped them. Somehow she knew that it also would help the angel who would come. Andrew told her once that it was hard for them when the person who is dying fights against them, because it makes death into something terrible for everybody: for the person who is dying, for his or her family and for the Angel of Death, too.

>Terri's mind was jolted back to the present when she fell again. This was now the fourth time during the last hour. " I should learn it s-l-o-w-l-y!" she muttered to herself as she tried to get on her feet again.

>"Terri?" came a very familiar voice from the bench next to her.

>Terri couldn't believe her ears when she heard the voice. 'No! No, that can't be!' she thought. 'I really shouldn't have started to daydream!' Slowly, she turned and looked at the bench. There was a young man with short blond hair who wore a black leather jacket, a white shirt, and blue jeans sitting there.

>"Andrew???? Is that really you??" She really had a problem believing that she would meet him again so soon.

>Andrew stood up and walked over to help her back onto her feet.

"Yes, it's me. What are you doing here?"

>Terri was so happy that she got tears in her eyes. At first, she gave her friend a big hug. "I can't believe you're here! If you hadn't spoken, I don't think that I would have recognized you with your short hair," she joked a little bit. "What are you doing here?"

>"I asked first," he answered with a wink, but she could see that he had recently cried.

>"I live in this town now. I work here in a company that helps people with problems. It's a little bit like your caseworkers. And, sometimes, I get a chance to talk with people who are facing death. It's like a counselor job." She waited a moment when Andrew nodded. "But what are you doing here?" She got a worried look "Don't tell me that I'm your assignment again!"

>Andrew had to smile, even though he wasn't in the mood for it. "No, no, don't worry. I'm not here for you," he said gently. "I ... I had an assignment not far from here. And after it, I came here to find

some time to think about everything."

>Terri could see in his eyes that it was hard for him even to think about it. "You look like, YOU could use someone to talk this time," she said with a concerned look.

>Andrew nodded, "I guess I could, but I don't think that I should tell you."

>"Why not? I thought we were friends?!" Terri asked, astonished.

"Andrew, you know that I like you very much. You helped me three years ago and now you look like you need a friend like I did then. Please, let me try to help you."

>"Terri, you know that we ARE friends. I like you very much, too. And this is the reason why I don't want to tell you. Look, my last assignment was really ... terrible ... even for me. And believe me, I have seen MANY terrible things in my job as Angel of Death. I don't want to burden you with this. It wouldn't be fair." He walked back to the bench.

>Terri followed him. Andrew was one of her best friends and she couldn't let him sit here like this. When she arrived at the bench, she sat down next to him.

>"Andrew? Do you remember, when we meet each other the first time?"

>Andrew looked at her and nodded.

>"You tried to talk to me. You tried to get me to talk to you. And I tried to get away from you. Do you remember?"

>"Yes, you were really stubborn!" He smiled when he remembered that assignment.

>"Yes, I guess that I was that. But, you got me to talk about my problems. And do you know what? In the moment when I talked to you, everything changed. It didn't seem so bad anymore."

>"And you think it would help me too. Right?" he asked.

>"Yes, I'm sure of it," Terri replied with a cheerful smile.

>"You won't give up on this, will you?!" Andrew sighed.

>"Never! You said yourself that I can be very stubborn." She laughed and added with concern as she put her hand on his shoulder, "Andrew, I'm your friend and it's hard for me to see you so sad. I really want to help you. Please, you can talk to me about everything. And I mean EVERYTHING! I promise you that you won't burden me with anything."

>Andrew didn't look at her when he started to tell his story. He didn't want to continue because he wasn't sure if she could deal with this. The pictures that he had seen were too cruel, even for him. How would a human deal with it? But deep in his heart, he knew that he had to talk about it and he knew also that Terri wouldn't let him go before he told her. Maybe this was the reason why they had met each other here again. 'Please, Father, don't let it be a mistake that I tell her,' he prayed before he began.

>"I got a call this morning, that I would have to take a woman and her two little children home. I ... I didn't know what to expect. I was thinking of a car accident or something like that. I could never have imagined what really happened," New tears ran down his face.

>Terri's heart went out to her friend. Andrew had told her once how much he loved his job. He told her also that it was hard for him, sometimes, to do his job, but she never really imagined HOW hard it could be for him. She always thought that, because he was an Angel of Death, he knew where the people were going and so it couldn't be SO hard.

>"I walked toward a beautiful little house with wonderfully colored

flowers in front of it. When I arrived the front door, everything was silent inside," Andrew stopped talking.
 When he didn't speak anymore, Terri took his hand. "I know it's hard, but what happened? What did you find inside?" she asked gently.

>
"When I came into the bedroom of the parents, I could see that the wife was still sleeping. Her husband stood at her side of the bed and he had..." The image in his mind was still fresh "He had ... he had an ax in his hand." For the first time since he started to talk, Andrew looked into Terri's eyes.

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Terri needed a moment to realize what he had started to say. As she got the image in her mind, she asked in shock, "You mean, he killed his wife with AN AX?????"

>
Andrew nodded. "She didn't feel any pain. Her husband gave her some sleeping pills the evening before. She was dead before she knew what was going to happen. When she saw me and I told her what happened and she saw her body ... she broke down. But, he didn't only kill his wife. After he killed her, he walked into the room of the children."

>
The sad angel remembered how Mary, the man's wife, had begged him to help her children, to do something to stop her husband, but he couldn't. He tried to explain to her that humans have a free will and that he must not stop the man. The only thing Andrew could do was to be there for the little ones, to take them in his arms and try to comfort them.

>The girl, whose name was Ruthie, was too little to understand what her Daddy did. She was only three years old. When she started to cry, Andrew picked her up in his arms and went to door. "Shhh, don't cry," he told her and kissed her forehead. 'Look, there is your mommy!' He remembered how he told her that they would go to a beautiful place where she could play with other children.

>But Christopher, who was 9, ran to his father. He tried to yell at him and to beat him, but it didn't work. When he realized this, he sank to his knees and cried. After Andrew gave Ruthie to her mom, he went over to Christopher, took him in his arms, and stroked his hair.

>"How could he do this?' the boy sobbed.

>"I don't know. I wish I could give you an answer,' Andrew told him. "But I know this," he lifted the boy's chin so that he had to look at him, "I know that you, your sister, and your mom will go to your other Father . . . The Father who would NEVER do something like this to you. He loves you and He is sorry that this happened to you three. " Andrew looked at Mary and her daughter. Ruthie was still crying, but she calmed down a little bit. "Come on, let's go to a better place!" He stood up with Christopher still in his arms. Then he walked over to Mary, who held her daughter. Andrew placed his free hand on her back when they walked into the light.

>When Andrew shook his mind clear of the painful memories, he saw that Terri also was crying.
"How could he do this?" she sobbed. "Why did he kill his family?"

>
"I don't know. I don't think that I will ever understand how someone can do such a terrible thing!" he answered softly.

>
Terri understood now why he hadn't wanted to tell her about this. It was really terrible, but she also knew that he needed to talk about this. She tried her best to hide what she was feeling inside. She didn't want Andrew to think that it was a mistake that he told her. She wanted to be strong for him, to help him, but she could see in his eyes that he knew how she was feeling. He knew that his story had shocked her and that she also needed some time to deal with everything. It was one side of a coin when she read about such a

tragedy, but it was really another when she heard what happened from the point of view of the Angel of Death. Now she also understood what Andrew had tried to explain to her few years ago, when he told her that sometimes he wished that he had another job.

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"I'm sorry, Terri. I shouldn't have told you this. It was wrong." Andrew felt terrible. He shouldn't have burdened her with this.

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Terri wiped her tears away, before she spoke to him. "No. No, Andrew, it wasn't wrong!" She sighed and looked into his eyes "It's a really terrible tragedy, but don't worry about me. I will be fine." 'Well at least I hope so,' she added silently to herself. .

>
'I will never forget the face of the woman, when she realized what happened and what would happen to her little ones,' Andrew thought, but he didn't tell her this.

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"Do you know what happened to the father?" she wanted to know.

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Andrew shook his head. "No, I don't know what happened to him. And, if I'm honest, I'm not sure if I want to know it!" He looked at the ground and new tears appeared in his eyes.

>
Terri didn't know what she could say that would help him. So she held him comfortingly in her arms, stroked his back and let him lean on her until he calmed down.

>
Andrew had to confess that it really helped him to have told his friend what happened.

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"Andrew?" Terri asked after a while. "I have an idea. Don't you think it would be a good idea if we try to find out what happened with the father. Maybe it would help you to get an answer to your question. Maybe it would help if we know why he did it."

>
"No!" Andrew shook his head firmly. "I can't face that man again. I'm sorry Terri, I know how this sounds, but I can't!" With this, he stood up and walked down the road.

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"Andrew?! Please, don't walk away," Terri called and wanted to run after him as she felt a hand on her shoulder. When she whirled around, she looked into the face of a tall man with short gray hair.

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He shook his head slowly and said "Let him go. He needs some time to think about your idea."

>
"Who are you?" Terri asked, a little bit fearful.

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"My name is Adam and I'm a friend of Andrew," he said gently and looked into the direction where Andrew had gone.

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"You are an Angel of Death, too?"

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"Yep! I am. And I'm here to tell you that your idea isn't bad. Andrew only needs some time to realize that."

>
"But, I want to help him," Terri replied sadly.

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"I know and God knows this, too. He is really proud of you that you tried to help one of his angels."

>
"Really?" Terri asked surprised.

>
Adam nodded. "Sure! He loves you. He knows that you can help Andrew, that's the reason why you met each other here again."

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"You mean it wasn't a coincidence?!"

>
Adam laughed "No! There is a proverb 'Coincidence is when God chooses to remain anonymous'."

>
"Why can't you help him? I mean, you are an Angel of Death, too. You know better than I possibly could how he is feeling. I can only imagine how it must be to witness something horrible without any chance to help," Terri commented, confused.

>
"God wants your help, not mine. You see, Andrew has seen

something awful and the only question in his mind right now is 'Why? How can people do such a thing?' and I can't give him an answer. We see many things in our job and, believe me, I've asked this question more than once myself without an answer. I wouldn't be a great help."

>
"But, I also don't have an answer to that question. How can I help him?"

>
"No, you don't have the answer. The only one who can give you both the answers in this case is the man who did it. You should go to him and let him tell his story. He needs an angel at the moment, too. It would help Andrew if he would listen to him. The Father knows that he won't understand it at first, but your job is to help him to understand it. Look, nobody can explain that problems that human feelings can cause better than a human itself. It's like you can't really understand how it is to be an Angel of Death and so we can't really understand how it is to be a human," he gave her a gentle smile.

>
"You know the man. Right?" It wasn't a question, more an establishing of fact.

>
"Yes, I know him. I was sent to him, shortly after Andrew took his family home. He drove to a wood, not far from his home. When he stopped there, he turned off his car and went to the trunk to get a knife. When he came back, he sat back into his car and started to cry for almost an hour. During this time he slashed his wrists, but before he got too weak, he took some cloths and tried to bandage the wounds," Adam told Terri that he had been sitting on the seat next to the man and tried to speak to his spirit. Suicide was never an easy assignment for any Angel of Death. They hated to witness something like this.

>
"He didn't die??" Terri asked.

>
Adam looked at her and shook his head "No! The police found him just in time, but it was really close."

>
"Do you know where he is?"

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"He is in the hospital at the moment. His name is Thomas Parker. His room number is 410," he answered. After a moment, he added: "I'm Sorry, Terri, but I have a new assignment. Maybe we will meet at the hospital."

>
"Thank you for your help," Terri called after him as he went away

>.
After Adam disappeared, Terri tried to find Andrew but she hadn't any success. It was like he vanished into thin air. After three hours, she gave up. "God? Adam told me that you want me to help Andrew, but how can I help him when I don't know where he is? Please, tell me where I can find him." When she didn't get an answer, she walked sadly home.

>On her way home, she got the feeling that she should try to visit Mr. Parker. It wasn't hard to get to the hospital, but Terri wasn't sure what she wanted from the man or what she should tell him. 'There will be a police officer the room door. I will never get in,' she told herself as she walked through the hospital and searched for the room. But when she found the room, she saw that the police officer's chair was empty.
Maybe he went to get a coffee, Terri supposed. When she reached the door, she went weak at the knees, but a voice inside her told her that she had to go into that room and she had to do it quickly, because of the police officer who could come back any minute.

>Terri took a deep breath and opened the door. The room was small, with one bed at the left side. A man of about 45 years of age was on the bed. He didn't move and he wore an oxygen mask. As Terri walked over to the person, she felt that there was someone else in the room.

She couldn't see anyone, but she knew who it was.

>"Adam? You are here. Right?" she asked.

>"Yes, I'm here," came a voice behind her. Adam walked at her side and looked at the man in the bed.

>"Is he going to die?" Her eyes remained on the man.

>"I don't know, yet. It's his choice. His injuries weren't so bad, but he has lost his will to live." Adam shook his head.

>"Will you take him to heaven even though he killed his family?" Terri couldn't believe this.

>"Yes," was Adam's slow answer.

>"But he killed his family!!!! How can you take someone like him there after all he did?????" she shouted angrily.

>"As he tried to kill himself, he asked God to forgive him for what he did. And God did forgive him. Thomas wasn't himself when he did it. He had perscription drugs and alcohol in his system and he had many problems. He would never talk about his problems to anyone, even not to his own wife."

>"But ..." Terri tried to cut him short.

>"But this is no excuse for what he did. There are no excuses for something so terribly! He asked God to forgive him. And He did, because it came from Thomas' heart. This doesn't mean that God is happy about what happened or He likes what Thomas did. It only means that He has given Thomas a new chance. Every human makes mistakes. Some mistakes are small, some are big and some ... some are horrible." Adam put his hand on Terri's shoulder "I know this hard to understand and believe me, it isn't easy for me either." He gave her a gentle smile. "Thomas lost his will to live with his family. He can't and doesn't want to imagine that God still loves him and wants to help him. He needs to know this. And Andrew ... Andrew needs to talk to him. They both need each other, no matter how strange that sounds at the moment."

>Terri sighed. Adam was right, it sounded strange. "And you're trying to tell me that I'm that one who should bring both together. Right?"

>Adam nodded. "Yep. I would do it, but I can't. I'm Thomas' Angel of Death at the moment and so I must not intervene."

>"You have to go now, Terri. The police officer will be back in a few seconds and you will get into trouble, if he sees you," Adam added after a moment.

>"Oh no, I forgot about him. You are right, I should get out of here." On her way to the door, Terri stopped and turned back to Adam again. "Do you know where I can find Andrew? I've searched for him, but I didn't find him. I guessed that he went back to ... to the other side."

>"No, he didn't go home. He can't go there with the feelings and questions he has at the moment. He has to work out this before he can go home," Adam explained. "He is still here. I don't know where you can find him, but you have to find him quickly," he said with a concerned look at the man in the bed. "I'm sorry, that I can't help you more."

>"I thank you anyway," Terri replied and opened the door.

>After a careful look at the police officer's empty chair. She left the room and went to the exit. When she arrived at the car park, she saw a man with short blond hair walking away.

>"Andrew?" she called and tried to catch up with him.

>As Andrew heard the familiar voice that called his name, he turned around to see his friend Terri who ran after him.
>"Terri! What are you doing here?" he asked surprised, but in his heart he knew that answer already.

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"I could ask you the same," she answered. "I was with Mr. Parker. And I think that you tried to do the same. Right?"

>
Andrew sighed. "You are right. But I can't do it. I tried but ... but I can't. I can't face him again. I know that He wants me to do it," he looked up to the sky, "but it's more than I can bear."

>
Andrew walked toward a park that was on the other side of the parking lot. Terri followed him. She prayed silently that she would find the right words to help Andrew. It was hard enough to see him like this, but it was harder not to know what she could say to him to help him. 'I'm only a human and he is an angel. He is an Angel of Death, and he has seen so many awful things. What could I say to get him into that hospital room?'

>
When Andrew arrived at the bank of a little pond, he stopped and closed his eyes. "Terri, you know I like you, but please," he took a deep breath "leave me alone. I'm not in the mood to talk with you."

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"I know that you don't want to talk with me or anyone at the moment, but there is something I have to tell you. Please, give me a chance. I promise you that I will leave you alone when I'm finished and if you decide that I should go."

>
"You never give up, do you," Andrew replied. Even his voice sounded tired. He sighed and decided to let her say what she had to say. "Okay, tell me what you think you have to tell me."

>
Terri was happy that he gave her a chance, but she still didn't know what she should tell him, especially because this was her only opportunity "Do you remember when you told me the first time who you are?" she asked.

>
"Yes, you were in your room and had tried to kill yourself," he answered sadly when he remembered how he stood behind her and prayed to get a chance to talk to her before it was too late.

>
"I still can't believe that I really wanted to kill myself, but I wanted to do it. I was afraid of the future. I was afraid that I would fail my exam and I thought that I could never go through the experience of facing everyone and telling them that I failed it." Terri waited and looked into Andrew's eyes. She could read there that he didn't know where she was going with this. "You told me then something, something I remember every time when I'm afraid to go through something. You told me that I will ask myself all eternity if I would have make it or not and NOBODY can give me an answer." Terri took a step toward him and took his hand. "Andrew, it's the same with you now. Look, I have met Adam ..."

>
"Adam? He is here?" Andrew asked surprised.

>
"Yes, he is in Thomas' hospital room. He told me that Mr. Parker tried to kill himself and, even though they found him just in time, he has lost his will to live. Adam told me that he hasn't much time left and when he dies, you will loose your chance to get some answers. You will ALWAYS ask yourself what he would have told you. Don't you see that you are making the same mistake that I almost did. You maybe don't die, but it will kill you in a way, too. It will kill the sweet, kind, gentle and compassionate Angel of Death that I know and love. You can't expect me to let that happen to you. And I know that you don't want that either. And God certainly doesn't want that to happen. . He loves you and He will help you, but YOU have to take the first step! He will give you the strength that you need, even though you can't imagine this now, but you have to go to the room first."

>
There was a moment of silence between both before Andrew gave up

trying to keep his tears contained. He let them run down his cheeks. Terri took a last step so that she got close enough to give him a hug. He looked so lost and lonely and she could feel that he needed the hug.

>
As Terri let him go, after a few more minutes, she could see the changes in his eyes. He was still hurt, but there was also new hope and love in his eyes.

>"You are right, I HAVE TO go and to talk to him," he said with a slow voice.

>"I will be waiting here for you. I can't go inside with you , because there is a police officer at the door and I don't think that I can sneak by again."

>Andrew went, invisible to human eyes, through the corridors of the hospital. As he arrived room 410, he could see the police officer who was sitting on his chair, reading a newspaper. Andrew stood for a few moments in front of the closed door. He closed his eyes and prayed. "Please Father, give me the strength to go through this. I need you Father!"

>When Andrew appeared in the room, he greeted Adam briefly and went over to the bed

>"Hello, Andrew. I'm glad to see you here," Adam said with a compassionate smile at Andrew.

>Andrew nodded and looked at the man in the bed. "How much time has he left?"

>"I'm not sure about this. It depends on him. He could live, if he would start to fight for his life," Adam answered sadly. He walked over to Andrew and put his hand on Andrew's shoulder. "I will leave you two alone so that you can talk."

>Adam was gone, so Andrew took a chair and sat down. "Mr. Parker? I know that you can hear me." He tried to wake him.

>"Who ... who are you?" spoke a weak voice after few minutes. Mr. Parker slowly opened his eyes.

>"My name is Andrew, and I'm here because I have to talk to you."

>"I told the police everything already."

>Andrew sighed, "I'm not from the police." When he saw the unspoken question in Thomas's eyes, he added, "I'm an angel. I'm an Angel of Death."

>"You are here to kill me? Please, let me die!" Thomas pleaded. He couldn't, he didn't want to live with the memory of what he did. "It isn't important where I'm going. I can't live with the knowledge of what I did. I don't deserve to live!" He started to cry.

>"I'm not here to kill you. I came here to talk to you. I was there. I saw what you did. I'm the one who brought your wife and children home to God. And the only thing I want to know is 'Why?'. Why did you do this?" Andrew asked with tears in his eyes, as he remembered that assignment. He felt the feeling of anger come back, though he tried so hard to keep it inside of him. Still, when he saw how broken and hurt the man before him was, he felt also sympathy for the man. It was really a strange mixture. He could see in the eyes of the man that he meant what he said. He could see the shame, the sorrow, and the fear in Thomas' eyes. Andrew could see that the man wished he could undo the harm he had caused.

>"You ... you were there?" he asked with a fearful voice.

>Andrew nodded "Yes, I was and God was there, too."

>"I hate myself for what I did. And I'm sure, that you and He must hate me, too!" Tears ran down his cheek. "I swear to you, I wish I could undo it all. I don't understand how I could do such a horrendous act. I loved my family. Oh God, PLEASE forgive me for what

I did!" He covered his face with his hands and cried.

>"God doesn't hate you, Thomas Parker. He loves you even after what you did, because you can NEVER do anything that separates you permanently from His love. He hates what you did, yes. But I know that He forgave you in the moment when you asked."

>"You are kidding! He can't love me after all that I've done."

>"He can and He does love you after all, even though you can't imagine it. He wants to help you to deal with it and He wants you to live, but you need to ask for His help first."

>In Thomas' eyes appeared new hope. If God really wanted to help him, even after everything he did ... It was hard for him to believe it, but he could see that it was true when he looked into Andrew's eyes. When he did this, he could see something else there. It was only for a short moment, but it was long enough to put his hope down.

>"You talked the whole time only about God. What about you?" he slowly asked. "You are angry at me. I could see it for a short moment."

>"I ..., " Andrew didn't want to talk about his feelings right at the moment, because he wasn't sure about them anymore. "I'm not angry at you. At least not anymore." Andrew sighed before he continued "I was angry at you, yes. I hated you for what you did. I hated you, because you were the reason for something horrible that I had to witness without the possibility of doing anything." Tears appeared in his eyes "I hated you because I knew that I would never forget what I saw."

>Andrew hesitated before he continued. He realized what he had said in his last sentences. He said something that came from his heart, but he had tried since everything happened to ignore those feelings. He was an angel and he shouldn't hate people. He was ashamed of his own feelings and words, but he knew that it was senseless to hide them, because God knew them.

>"I'm sorry Andrew. I'm so sorry, that I did this to you. I can't expect you to forgive me, like I can't expect my family to forgive me ... " his voice died.

>"No, I have to ask you for forgiveness. I ... I know that it was wrong to hate you, because you are one of His children. He gave you a free will. And your family forgave you, too. But ... I'm sorry, I shouldn't have come." Andrew stood up and started to walk to the door. He wasn't sure if he could forgive Thomas. He had sympathy for him, but there were also the memories.

>"Andrew! Please, don't leave! I want to talk with you. I forgive you that you hated me. I know that I hurt you, God, and my family. Please, sit down. I want you to know how everything came to that evening. . Even if you can't forgive me, I want to give you an answer. Well, there isn't really an answer"

>Thomas told Andrew that he had lost his job few months ago and, no matter how hard he tried to find a new job, he didn't find one. After a while, he couldn't pay for either the mortgage of the house anymore or for any other bills that came. His wife tried her best in her job to make some money, but it was only enough to buy some food for the kids. All their friends left them during that time. He tried his best to hide the true status of their finances from his wife and children, because he didn't want to scare them more. The week before everything happened, he got a letter from the bank. They told him that they would come with the police and would kick them out of the house if he didn't pay the installment for the last 4 months. He didn't tell his wife about it and hoped that some kind of miracle would happen, but he didn't find a way to get the money. He didn't even tell her about

the letter up to the evening before he killed them. He told Andrew that he had drunk alcohol and had taken some pills that evening after his family went to sleep. He was too ashamed to tell them the truth and he thought that it would be better for them to be dead than to live on the street.

>"The only thought in my mind was that it would be better if we all were dead. I couldn't look into the eyes of my children and explain to them that we would have to live under a bridge because I wasn't good enough to find a new job. I saw no other place where we could go. Maybe it was the drugs or the alcohol. I don't know anymore, but I know that I was desperate ." Thomas finished his story and looked at Andrew.

>Andrew cried. "I'm so sorry that you had to experience that all. I know that humans do strange, sometimes terrible, things when they are desperate ." Andrew closed his eyes and sighed before he spoke again. "Thomas, I didn't know about your problems. It's not easy, but I forgive you, too."

>"I prayed every day for a miracle and there wasn't one. Well, at least not one that I could see. I know now that He tried to help us. There were phone numbers of crisis-telephones and addresses of information centers, but I didn't recognize this as His help. I always looked for something else. I wish I could get a chance to explain this all to my family. They died without knowing why I did it!" New tears appeared in Thomas' eyes.

>Andrew heard a familiar voice in his mind. When he listened to that voice, he smiled and looked at Thomas. "Your family knows why you did it. And He wants you to know that they love you and that they forgive you. They know that you tried to protect them."

>"Really?"

>"Yeah and they want you to live. It won't be easy, but He will help you through everything," Andrew said gently. All his anger and hate was gone now. The only thing that he felt was sympathy for the man who had to live the rest of his life with the knowledge that he killed his own family.

>"I think I will have to go into a prison for the rest of my life."

>"Maybe. But maybe you will have to stay in a psychiatric ward. There are people who can help you to deal with everything that happened. But, no matter where you have to go .. you won't be alone."

>Thomas took Andrew's hand "I thank you for coming to talk with me. And believe me, I'm really sorry that I caused so much pain."

>"I believe you. I have one last question before I go. What happened that you decided not to kill yourself?"

>"When I sat in my car and waited to die, I saw a man on the seat next to me. I wasn't sure if I hallucinated. He glowed and I could read in his eyes that he didn't like what I was doing. I could see the sorrow and the pain in his eyes and knew that I caused it . He didn't say anything." Thomas looked at Andrew.

>"He was real. Right?"

>"Yes. His name is Adam. He is an Angel of Death like I am. And yes, we don't like to witness suicide," Andrew explained.

>"Tell him that I'm sorry. And tell him that I thank him. I know I would have done it if I hadn't seen him."

>"I promise, I will tell him this." Andrew stood up from his chair. "Thomas, I have to go now. There is someone else I need to apologize to," Andrew said with a gentle smile.

>"Thank you for everything!" Thomas said weakly and slept again before Andrew left the room. He was so tired, but also happy.

Andrew felt like a new angel. All his depression, anger, hate, and other negative emotions were gone now. His was the same angel again he was few days ago, full of love and compassion.

>
When Andrew got out of the hospital and walked back where he left Terri, he saw that she was speaking with Adam. Both had a big smile on their face as they saw Andrew.

>
"I think I owe you a really big apology," Andrew said when he walked over to Terri. "I wasn't easy for you to deal with, was I?! I'm sorry, Terri. You were right, I had to talk to him."

>
"It's alright Andrew. You weren't as difficult as I expected, ," she said with a wink. "I'm happy that you are back to the 'old' Andrew that I know and love."

>
Andrew gave Terri a really big hug and whispered in her ear "Thank you for your help. I will never forget it and neither will God. He and I both love you very much."

>
Adam stood next to them when they released each other. "I'm glad to have you back, my friend."

>
And a white dove flew above.

>
The End

> <p><p>

End
file.